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State Normal Magazine

Lines Suggested by a Visit to the Early Home of Dante

The following poem was sent by Dr. Henry E. Shepherd to Mrs. Annie G. Randall, who was for many years connected with our magazine. Mrs. Randall has kindly given it to us for publication. Dr. Shepherd would like to know how many of the students will explain the last line of stanza seven.

I.

I STOOD within the reverend halls
Where Dante first beheld the light,
His image, crowned with radiance bright.
Looked down from out the storied walls.

II.

The world-worn gaze had passed away,
The face was not the face of grief,
The brows were crowned with laurel leaf,
The presage of an ampler day.

III.

His look was that of brightsome dawn,
Ere feud and faction set their seal
The face Giotto's loving skill
Had wrought on chapel wall forlorn.

IV.

Some trace, forsooth, tho' pensive, sad,
Abode with Dante as he stood
Where famed Francesca in the wood,
Recalled the book of Galahad.

v.

The strife is done, 'tis grief's surcease,
 The quest is won, the grail revealed,
 And endless happiness is sealed,
 In Him whose will is all our peace.

vi.

My vision fades, I woke with pain,
 As fair Firenze's broadening day
 Burst on my dream world's mystic lay,
 And roused me to myself again.

vii.

Then up from quick suggestion springs,
 The thought that in the hours before,
 I wrote in Dante's home of yore,
 "The sorrow's crown," the "Happier things".

viii.

Yet still when night has cast her pall,
 And slumber does my spirit hold,
 I see that image graved of old,
 Upon the grim Podesta's wall.

ix.

I see Brunnetto as of yore
 In subtle converse by his side,
 There stands Beatrice glorified,
 My vision heightens, clear and pure.

x

I see the poet by his stone,
 Gaze fondly on the new laid tower,
 A miracle of grace and power,
 The air is rich with sacred tone.

xi.

I pass by steps that surely rise,
 My vision now is deified,
 The queen of Heaven is Dante's guide,
 And he has won his Paradise.

Art in the Home*

PATTIE VAUGHN WHITE

RUSKIN says of that masterpiece of architecture, St. Mark's palace: "The crests of its arches break into marble foam and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreathes of sculptured spray." Again, someone speaks of architecture as being "Frozen Music". These are but two expressions of the general appreciation of architecture as one of the greatest of the fine arts. This appreciation leads us to lavish much time, thought and wealth upon the exterior of our homes, in order that the finished structures may present truly artistic conceptions which combine both beauty and utility.

On the contrary, our attitude with regard to the furnishing and decoration of the interior of our homes is usually different. Too often, our household gods are gathered without thought or plan from the cheapest and most convenient bargain stores, and are devoid of many of the principles of art which we have sought so earnestly to follow in building our homes. Simplicity is almost an unknown virtue; harmony in colors is thought non-essential, and the kinship between beauty and utility is seldom recognized.

With our American genius for destroying the beautiful we hide the grain of the wood, of which our furniture is made, with expensive carving. Roses and dragons decorate the same wallpapers, while aniline dyes shout at us from rugs and carpets riotous with color. If we are wealthy, our drawing rooms are ornate home-museums. If we are of that best of types, the good old country "Tar Heel", our coldest north room is set apart as a repository for crayon portraits, plush albums, and other household idols. Every vestige of pure air and sunshine is carefully excluded, securing a dismal ceme-terial odor, and we have an American parlor. If we are college girls, our ideal of a college room may often be found in this remark heard on a street car: "She has a *lovely* room—about fifty boys' pictures on the walls, oceans of posters, tennis

* The prize essay of the Class of 1907.

racquets, two cozy corners, loads of college flags, and a whole string of souvenirs all across one end of the room."

If some voice "crying in the wilderness" suggests artistic home furnishing, we either meet the suggestion with the reply, "I may not know what *art* is, but I know what I like", or we think art can find expression in the home only in pictures. In the latter case we cover the walls of our living rooms with photographs, prints, chromos and madonnas, all of which are perhaps very beautiful in themselves, but which produce an atmosphere of confusion, rather than that of rest, which is so essentially the home atmosphere. If our attitude differs from either of these, we are inclined to think that art is too divine a goddess to sit with us in intimate comfort beside our hearthstones.

Some expression of the divine is found in true art, but it is this divinity that makes her all the more meet to dwell within the sacred precincts of our homes. The cultivation of the sense of the beautiful is not purely a matter of ornamental education, for mental and spiritual stimulus is to be found in form and color, no less than in books and music. Besides, in many branches of trade an artistic taste is necessary for the making of a livelihood. Both the woman who trims our Easter bonnets, and the man who designs our beautiful textiles, must know some of the secrets of art. Then, since our tastes are determined largely by our environment, the question of art in the home is one of comprehensive importance, and one that every woman should study.

The real "new woman" is gradually readjusting her interests along old familiar lines, and is taking up the study of home questions with the zest of our grandmothers. But the woman of today is prepared to add to her grandmother's earnestness, a greater intelligence, because of greater opportunities, and she should exercise this intelligence in a study of the principles of household art. Floors, walls, furnishings and decorations are a part of woman's forces with which she should make her home a place of comfort, charm and rest. She can never do this until her home is cleared of dust collecting decorations and non-essential furnishings.

When we realize the lack and importance of artistic prin-

ciples in our homes, and know that the remedying of these evils lies largely in woman's hands, those of us who have time and opportunity can study interior designing at an art school with profit and pleasure. The study opens up a wide and lucrative field of employment for women, besides fitting them for the duties of home-making. Those who have money and have not the energy to study these questions for themselves can give employment to these skilled designers with profit for both. On the other hand, if we have neither money to employ the designer, nor opportunity to study at an art school, we can study without money and without price, under the greatest of all teachers, nature. When we see that even nature's most gorgeous sunsets come when the gray shadows of evening are waiting to blend and subdue all obtrusiveness, we will be taught the beauty of harmonized and unified color schemes. The bold outlines of her mountains and hills will teach us the dignity of simplicity, and all of her masterpieces will show us that beauty and utility are sister virtues.

With nature's lessons heart-learned, woman knows how to bring nature's color schemes, nature's simplicity, and nature's beauty into her home. Floors, walls, draperies, furnishings and decorations all will receive careful attention, for she knows that each is important. Perhaps none of these require more careful study than the floors of our homes. They are in reality the foundation walls, and coverings for them should be selected with as much care as we select wall coverings. Harmonious rugs do more than almost anything else to enrich an interior home. Many good rugs of home manufacture are to be found, and these are much less expensive than oriental rugs, although the art value of these products of the Eastern weaver's skill and fancy is undisputed. The secret of soft and pleasing colors in rugs is found in the dyes used. The harsh aniline dyes can never bring into our homes the subtle magic of sunshine and tender green leaves, given by the lotions extracted from root and bloom, leaf and blossom.

When floors are furnished, walls will next be considered. These should harmonize with the floor, but may be lighter in color, and the ceiling may be lighter still. Wood work should

be treated so that the fine grain of the wood will show, suggesting that at one time it was the growing tree. Solid colors in wallpapers furnish the best background for pictures, which should be few in number and have some meaning and inspiration in them. They should be hung, not at an angle, but flat against the wall, thus taking as nearly as possible the place of panels, for which they are substitutes. Windows must be big and wide enough to admit light in broad shafts, not in freckles. The sun is the best germicide and we must have plenty of it. Draperies for the windows, harmonizing with the walls, though richer in tone, soften the hard lines and add much to the beauty and dignity of a well-planned room. But they should only soften the light, for modern curtains are not meant to serve the ancient purpose of shutting out both air and light.

When walls and floors are artistically treated, we may apply the principle of simplicity to our furnishings still more rigorously. For we need little else in our homes besides the essential furnishings, and the little individual touches which make our homes truly ours. Good taste in furnishing consists largely in sound workmanship. Our chairs must not be so puny that our stout friends are afraid to sit upon them. Tables must be tables, not three-legged nonentities which the good man of the house walks past on tiptoe, afraid that a false step will overturn them. Plain surfaces usually mean good workmanship. A party of women was being shown through a Southern furniture factory by the president of the company. Picking up a piece of worm-eaten pine, he remarked, "Watch my machine carve". In a moment the piece of timber had passed between two heavy rollers, and had come out stamped with a nondescript design. "How quickly it is done," remarked one of the women. "Yes," he answered, "and people will pay more for cheap stuff stamped that way, than they will for a plain product of twice the value." In this incident we find an explanation for the large amount of carving on modern furniture. Its use is to hide inferior workmanship and poor wood.

Nature teaches us the elimination of non-essentials. With that lesson learned, the curse of the American home, bric-a-

brae, will disappear. Each decorative furnishing must fulfill the rigorous demand that it be more beautiful than the space it occupies. If many of these pieces of uselessness, which are irretrievably ugly in line, color and form, are replaced by growing plants, the effect will be more beautiful, and some of the clean sweet breath of the natural and real will be brought into an atmosphere where the artificial and the false have too long had precedence.



Childhood in Poetry

FLORA THORNTON

CHILDHOOD has always been a theme for the poet. Three thousand years ago Homer told how Astyanax was frightened by the plume which nodded on the helmet of the warrior Hector; today James Whitcomb Riley peoples many homes with his child creations, and between the two there have been few poets who have not touched in some way upon child life.

Yet, however dear a theme childhood may be to the poet, poets have failed more often in the portrayal of childhood than in any other phase of their work. Their failures along this line have been far more marked, and their successes have been fewer than those of the prose writers. It is by no means difficult to point out life-like children among the creations of prose writers; but when we turn to poetry we find the number pitifully small. We may search through many volumes and find only little wooden images that seem to heed fearfully Stevenson's solemn admonition—

“If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.”

We may look long and carefully and then find very few of the rough and tumble little fellows so familiar to us all—real children, with tousled hair, begrimed but laughing faces, with speech so delightfully ungrammatical and faith unquestioned in life and all that pertains to it. And since these flesh and blood children are so few, many of us with Mr. Riley would ask half laughingly, “Mustn't they be getting a little lonely?”

This failure to portray real children is not confined to the third- or fourth-class poet. Even the wistful solitary children of Wordsworth are not entirely convincing. The three little maids, Alice Fell, Lucy Gray, and the “little cottage girl” in “We Are Seven” seem to some of us too pathetic for healthy childhood. We cannot believe that little girls were so much more serious in Wordsworth's day than in ours, or

that an eight-year-old child even a century ago would have spoken thus—

“My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.”

When poetry—dealing as it does with faith, innocence, imagination, beauty—seems so well adapted to the portrayal of childhood, we cannot help wondering that the poets have so often failed in this respect. Poetry has always been considered something more exalted than prose, and perhaps the real child is too earthly to be portrayed there. The child is generally “exalted” also, and a very stilted and unnatural child is the result—the refined child, the religious thoughtful child, who speaks such perfect English—

“O, mother, may I go to school
With brother Charles today?
The air is very fine and cool;
O, mother, say I may.”

Who ever heard a real boy make such a request in such language? Better indeed the dubious sentiment of the most trivial nursery rhyme, since the latter at least maintains the lawless but wholesome spirit of the child genuine—

“Hink! Minx! The old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry;
There’s nobody home but Jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.”

Certainly the real child is good enough (the fact that he is bad enough is undisputed) to command our admiring attention and most lively interest in real life; and he has proved himself capable of winning fame in the realm of poetry. There is something of the child in every man and woman. None of us can quite forget the time “when we knew not our spelling-book from the fairies and our soul from both,” and it is to this remnant of the child-heart remaining in every grown-up body that the child character appeals. No characterization can touch so many of us as that of a life-like child—a child who thinks, feels and acts as we remember ourselves to have thought, felt and acted.

Such life-like children—in strong contrast to the little wooden images carved out by so many of the poets—may be found in Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses", in some of Whittier's and Longfellow's poems, and above all in the poems of Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley.

The hero of Stevenson's "Garden of Verses" is a solitary child, but a child of far more substantial mould than Alice Fell or Lucy Gray. He must be a very lonely little boy indeed, for he "makes up things", and lies for a long time awake at night watching the "armies, emperors, and kings" which seem to march by his bed. To compensate for his lack of comradeship he creates the "unseen playmate" known to so many lonely children. We are not told the name of this child; we are not even quite certain whether he is a boy or girl, yet he is a real breathing child, and we readily recall our own experience and sorrow with him when he says—

"I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street."

The barefoot boy of Whittier is another child who plays alone, but he amuses himself in a different way. Stevenson's boy is of the city, but Whittier's creation knows all the joys of country life. He is not content to play quietly at home and imagine that the playmates he lacks are with him, but ventures forth in search of "strawberries on the hill"—in search of "knowledge never learned of schools". He makes friends of all the birds, beasts and flowers, and learns

"Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood."

The solitary child, however, is not the only type treated by the poets. The children of Longfellow are seldom met with alone. They are represented as romping in happy bands, individualized like clumps of daisies, or flocks of birds. They are named only once—

"Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair—"

Yet the many groups that play through his poems are really the same children appearing again and again. The children who linger at the blacksmith's shop to

"Catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor"

are the same who make a sudden laughing raid on one from the hall during the hour "between the dark and the daylight". For Longfellow portrayed only one type of child—the thoughtless child, seemingly free from even childish cares.

Although Stevenson, Whittier and Longfellow have succeeded in their portrayal of childlife, their poems of childhood have not done a great deal towards making them famous. The wide popularity of Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley is due almost entirely to their child creations. How many people would know of Field if it were not for "Little Boy Blue" and William always so good "jes' 'fore Christmas"? What character in Riley's poems is more famous than "Little Orphant Annie"? And what book-people in the literature of today are more beloved than these three?

The child of whom Field writes is the little "toddler". Such a child is "Little Boy Blue". Such a child is "the lyttle boy" who kept clinging to his mother's skirt and "ben alwais in the way". Such children are those to whom the poet's almost innumerable lullabies are sung. In the poems of Riley, however, all children, every mood of childhood, and every kind of child are portrayed—the boy "who doesn't get along so well in his books", but who knows the book of nature by rote in Noey Bizler, the imaginative little book-worm in Almon Keefer, and the wicked "preacher's boy" who has the kindest of hearts under all his naughtiness. In the volume entitled "The Child-World", may be found as happy a family of five as may be met with anywhere in the real world—Johnty, Mamie, Alex "with his freckles and his freaks of temper", "little tow-headed brother Bud", and Baby Lizzie "with her velvet lisp"—but it would be an almost impossible task to name the children created by Riley. It is remarkable that very few of his poems—and he has written many—can be found which do not touch in some way upon

childlife. To Riley belongs the place among poets, which has been accorded to Dickens among prose-writers, that of the arch-creator of children, for there has been no other poet who has pictured childhood so faithfully, or has given us so many children that are true to life. This tribute we may safely pay our child poet, that, since his own merry troop has been added to the number, the real children of the poets can hardly be very lonely.



Grandmother's Story

MAMIE HIGHTOWER

IT as one of those cold, rainy days that invariably come when one is visiting in the country. Carrie and I had been forbidden to go out of doors, and we had grown tired of our dolls, so we pounced upon grandmother and demanded a story.

"What kind of a story?" she asked, as she carefully picked up the stitches in her knitting which our attack had caused her to drop.

"A real, live, exciting story," said Carrie, whose four years' seniority gave her the right of being spokesman.

"Well, dears," said grandmother, "I will tell you something that happened while your mother was a baby."

That sounded promising, so we settled ourselves on the rug at her feet, and looked up into her sweet old face while she told the story. Never once did her eyes leave the fire, nor her fingers pause in their knitting.

"Your grandfather was a lawyer, and his profession required that he spend the most of his time in town. He was unwilling, however, to leave the old home and live in town, so it was his custom to ride over to his office every morning. Under no circumstances would he remain in town over night. When the river was swollen so that he could not cross the ford, he would ride five miles up the river to Jones Ferry rather than leave baby and me to stay alone.

"One evening, late in August, he did not come at his usual time. There had been a hard rainstorm in the early afternoon, and thinking possibly that that had detained him, I did not worry, but went out into the vine-covered summer-house to wait for him. Being still a young creature, I often indulged in day-dreams, and soon fell to musing.

"How long I sat there I do not know, but I was suddenly startled by someone calling me by name. It was Tom, my husband's office-boy, and he was holding a folded note out toward me. I unfolded the paper with trembling hands, for my heart told me that something had happened to Robert.

The note had been written by a physician of the town, and read, 'Come at once. Your husband has received severe injuries.' 'Have Belle at the door as quickly as possible,' I called to Tom as I ran into the house. I needed no spur save the one thought that kept ringing through my head, 'Robert is dying, perhaps already dead!'

"By the time I had thrown on my habit Tom had the horses ready. I sprang into the saddle, and we set out at a mad gallop down the slippery road.

"Which way?' asked Tom, as we neared the place where the shorter route turned off to the ford.

"Which way did you come?' I asked.

"Across the ford,' he answered, 'but—'

"Then we will go that way,' I interrupted.

"He opened his lips as if about to speak again, but seeing the determined look on my face, dropped behind and said nothing. We rode on in silence until we reached the river, which was terribly swollen. Then Tom rode ahead of me, saying:

"Let me go first and lead the way.'

"His horse plunged into the rushing water, and mine followed. For a few steps Belle kept her foothold, but the next carried her beyond her depth. She struck out for the opposite bank, swimming nobly. Tom's horse was swimming also, and he called to me to give Belle free rein. I obeyed, and clung to the saddle for support, at the same time encouraging Belle with my voice. She was a superb animal, but her strength could not hold out long against that of the rushing river. Already she was panting, and once she shivered violently.

"The current had carried us beyond the ford, but I knew the opposite bank well enough to know that should we reach it we would have no trouble in getting out. A willow was growing over the stream, and as Belle struggled bravely on I felt a spray hit my face. A few more strokes and we would have been safe. But just then Belle floundered, and lurched forward. I screamed, and, throwing up my hands, clutched at the willow branches above my head."

Here grandmother paused so long that we both asked breathlessly, "And then?"

"Then," said grandmother, "I awoke to find myself clinging with both hands to the vines of the summerhouse above my head. My scream was still ringing through the garden, and Robert was running towards me down the walk."

"And you didn't drown?" I asked in a tone of mingled relief and doubt.

"No," she answered, softly kissing the top of my head as I stood by her chair. "You see, I fell asleep and had a nightmare. Now run along and see if nurse isn't ready to give you your dinner."



Hugh Black

CORA STRONG

“IF only Hugh Black would preach!” So sighed my sister last spring, eager to make her few months in New York count for their very most. But she watched the church announcements in vain for any mention of Mr. Black. And it seems almost too good to be true that without being in New York at all, I should have heard him this spring, not once nor twice but four times, and should have met him, and talked with him face to face.

Those of you who have read *Friendship* or *Culture and Restraint*, or even *The Dream of Youth*, will perhaps need no introduction to their author. Those of you who have the pleasure of such reading still before you may like to know that Hugh Black is a Scotch minister and writer who has recently exchanged an Edinburg pulpit for a chair in Union Seminary, New York. “I came,” so he told us at Cornell recently, “because I wanted to give my little help in fitting the young men and women of America to seize their unparalleled opportunities for service.”

I wish I could set before you the personality of the man. The slight figure, the nimbus of fine, light hair, the deeply marked face so sad in repose, yet lighting up so quickly with boyish fun or spiritual intensity, the nervous hands which clasped and unclasped or pulled at the black gown—these all suggested sensitive, high strung, poetic soul.

And it was not the outside alone which suggested the poetic soul. There breathed through the man's words a loving familiarity with the poets, a deep sense of the pathos and tragedy of life, together with a spiritual intensity which was, at times, almost fearful. The listener wondered whether a spirit so on fire might not consume its frail tabernacle. It was reassuring to find that the man was linked with ordinary mortals by his keen sense of humor and his delightful, half-boyish jealousy for things Scotch.

To one who heard Mr. Black on Sunday only, the two latter balancing characteristics must have remained unsus-

pected. But they came out strongly in an informal Christian Association talk and in a University lecture on Books and Reading. "There are no peasants in Scotland," he urged, in replying to a recent American characterization of Carlyle as "a peasant with the limitation of his class." "There are no peasants in Scotland in the sense intended by this critic. Carlyle was not a peasant nor the son of a peasant. He was a school man and a University man in a country where popular education stands at a level which in America it is just beginning to reach. Carlyle had limitations—any amount of them—but they were due largely to his dyspepsia—and dyspepsia is not a peasant limitation!" "We have some brains," he urged again in view of Walt Whitman's reference to the "effete nations" of the old world. "We have some brains and have made some inventions. Indeed we've made most of the great ones and you Americans have only applied them better. After all, it was a Scotchman who invented the steam engine!"

I wish I could give you some of Mr. Black's messages—his wise and charming counsel on what to read and how to read; his inspiring confidence that "Whatsoe'er a man desires in his youth, that shall he have in his age and as much as he will;" his heart-searching exposure of our sins of silence as bigger and blacker than our sins of speech because less often thoughtless and more often the expression of a cowardly or indifferent heart; the solemn earnestness with which, in the words of Mordecai's appeal to Esther, he pressed home the unregarded opportunities of our daily life; the gentleness and simplicity with which he encourages desire for the Higher Friendship. "Do not feel," he said, "that friendship with Christ is only for the gifted, the unusual. It has always been easiest for ordinary, commonplace folk. That's what the disciples were—just ordinary men who loved Him. And don't expect any rare, emotional experience. Just grow into His friendship by doing His will simply and humbly and dwelling on His love."

But one can not separate the prophet and his messages, nor make you feel the living fire by bringing you a few charred coals. I can only venture to hope that my words may lead some of you to read and hear Hugh Black. Then you will understand and thank God and Scotland for their gift.

The Wild Ride of Peter Van Tassel

K. JEFFREYS

IN a quaint old village at the foot of the Catskill Mountains, there once lived a man named Peter Van Tassel. He was a quiet, inoffensive little man, very much henpecked by his wife, an extremely quarrelsome woman. Sometimes when things got too hot at home he would leave the house and go to the village tavern. Here he became intimate with the shiftless loafers of the village. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Peter contracted the bad habits of his new friends. From a little toddy once in a while, he took to drinking and smoking. This had a disastrous effect on his nerves and he lost his appetite, became gaunt, haggard and unable to sleep at night. He now began to fancy that he was going to die, and attributed every little pain to be the symptom of some terrible disease.

At home matters went from bad to worse. As Peter drank and smoked more, his wife grew crosser and more irritable. Her special abomination was smoking and she derived great satisfaction in breaking Peter's long stemmed pipes. However, this did not deter him from smoking, for he now got himself a short one which he could easily hide in his pocket.

One evening Peter and one of his friends went up the mountains hunting. While there, an awful storm came up, and they took shelter in a deserted log cabin. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the rain poured down in torrents. The old cabin leaked badly, and they were soon drenched with the cold rain.

At last the storm abated, but it was now very dark and cold. Peter's friend complained of feeling sick. They were at least five miles from the village and Peter did not know what to do. Then they saw a little light glimmer through the trees. Following this, they reached a small house. Its only occupant was an old hunter called the Hermit of the Catskills. By this time the sick man was moaning with pain. Peter told the hermit their troubles, and begged shelter for his friend.

"Did you say that you stopped at a hut about a mile from here?" asked the old man.

"Yes," answered Peter.

"Too bad, too bad; I expect that is what is the matter with your friend."

"How? what?" Peter cried, becoming alarmed.

"Why, a man died in that hut with smallpox about a year ago, and recently two hunters stopped there for shelter as you did, and they were both taken sick and died."

"What are the symptoms?" asked Peter anxiously.

"A sharp burning pain in the right side, and a trembling of the knees."

Peter took his pipe out of his mouth and jammed it hurriedly into his pocket.

"I must be going," he said, "but I will leave my friend in your care until tomorrow. My wife will be very cross if I fail to come home."

The hunter lent Peter his horse, and mounting, he set off through the woods. Everything was dark and dripping with rain. It was cold and gusty. The tall trees swayed and groaned in the wind like the moaning of a lost soul. The awful night unstrung his nerves, and he found himself thinking of the terrible disease and its symptoms. A strange presentiment of death filled his mind and made cold shivers run down his spine. To divert himself he tried to whistle, but his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth and his knees shook so he could hardly stay in the saddle. Suddenly a sharp pain gripped him in his right side.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned the terror-stricken man. "my hour has come; I am a dead man."

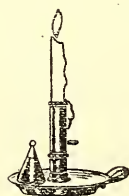
Plunging the spurs into his horse, Peter dashed through the forest like a whirlwind. Over fallen trees, down ravine, through swollen mountain streams he plunged regardlessly, mindful only of the pain in his side. At first it was a little prick, but it grew worse each minute. Peter cried aloud in his agony. Unmindful of the bitter cold he hurried on and at last arrived at the village stiff and frozen, but thinking only of the fatal symptoms.

His house was closed, but Peter beat frantically on the door.

"Let me in, I am dying!" he cried, and fell exhausted on the porch.

Alarmed, his wife got him into a chair and gave him some whiskey. While slipping off his overcoat something fell on the floor with a thud. It was his pipe. Peter put his hand on his side and lo! the coat, shirt and waistcoat were burned through and the skin badly blistered. The mystery was soon explained. Peter had forgotten to knock the ashes out of his pipe before putting it into his pocket.

The next day his friend was all right. His pain was caused by cramp from exposure to the cold in the mountains. Investigation showed that the hut in which Peter stopped was indeed a mile from the hermit's, but the other side of the mountain from the cabin infected with smallpox.



Our New Members of the Faculty

B. M. H.

THE new members of the Faculty are as follows:

Prof. J. A. Matheson, who for a number of years was the successful superintendent of the Durham schools, is at the head of the Department of Pedagogy. Mr. Matheson is one of the best equipped school men of the state, and his presenee at the College will greatly increase its strength and usefulness.

Miss Ruena G. West, of Rutherford, N. J., has been elected Director of Physical Culture. Miss West is a graduate of one of the New York normal schools. After her graduation, for several years she did grade work in the schools of New York City. She has recently pursued special courses in physical culture in the school of Dr. Savage.

Miss Katherine McNaughton, of Middleville, Mich., is at the head of the Department of Domestic Art. Miss McNaughton is a graduate of the State Agricultural College of Michigan. She has also taken a special course in the Ypsilanti Normal School and at the Thomas Normal School of Detroit. She is well qualified for the work.

Miss Oeland Barnett, a graduate of this College and one of our former teachers, becomes assistant in Latin. During the past few years she has been teaching in Savannah, Ga.

Miss Susan Battle, of Rocky Mount, has been elected assistant in the English Department. Miss Battle graduated at the State Normal College in 1898, and returned in 1904 and took the B. S. degree.

Miss Cora Strong, after an absence of a year—during which time she has been assisting in the preparation of text books—returns to assist in the Mathematics Department.

Miss Nettie M. Allen also returns to the College this year. Miss Allen, who has been absent for some time on account of her health, has entirely recovered and returns to take up her former work in the Training School.

Miss Mary Robinson, of Anson County, who graduated in the class of 1907, assists Dr. Gudger in the Science Department.

Miss Melissa Wilson, of the Ypsilanti Normal School, and a special student of the Thomas Training School of Detroit, has been appointed Dietitian and Supervisor of the Dining-room.

Miss Etta Spier, of Goldsboro, is the supervising teacher of the first grade in the Training School. She is recognized as one of the most successful primary teachers of the state.

Miss Sue Nash, a graduate of this Institution, who for several years has taught English in the Goldsboro High School, has accepted a position in the Training School. She is the supervising teacher of the Seventh Grade.

Miss Ione Dunn, who, since her graduation from the College, has taught in the primary department of the Durham Schools, supervises one of the second grades of the Training School.

Miss Sethelle Boyd, of Barium Springs, who for several years has been teaching at Kenansville, has been elected a supervising teacher in the Training School.

Miss Marjorie Kennedy, of last year's graduating class, teaches Vocal Music in the Training School.

We feel sure that, with these valuable additions to the already efficient Faculty, the work at the State Normal College this year will greatly exceed the work done during the past years.

Class Ode, '07

LUCY HAWKINS, '07

THE sun is slowly sinking from our sight,
And lengthening shadows warn that night is near;
Soon all the feverish strivings born of light
Will vanish and the evening stars appear.
To us this sunset hour doth mark the close
Of more than one day's store of joy and woes;
Upon the path so lately trod gray shadows fall,
Old voices cease and strange the new ones call.
What wonder that our hearts are filled with pain,
And thronging memories would stay the hours that wane.
So sadly—memories of the happy hours.
When traveler-like we loitered through a vale
All filled with incense—breath of sweetest flowers;
Forget we all the rugged hills and steep
That we must ever climb the good to meet—
The long, long way to weary stumbling feet.
And now, dear Heavenly Father, we would pray,
That when the morn shall bring another day
With brighter sun to light a broader way,
That Thou direct our erring feet aright
O'er steepest hills: that worthy efforts fail
Not. And, dear Lord, we pray Thee keep
In loving care this work of him who died
In loving service, and on Thy strength relied.
And then, dear Lord, when earthly sun
Has set, and all life's race is run,
Grant this our prayer: that one united band
We 'wake to see the glory of that Sun
Which knows no setting, and in its radiance stand.—Amen.

The Evolution of a Senior

R. G. L.

SHE was not always the somewhat self-satisfied, thoroughly at home young lady she is now. When she first came to college she was as timid as you, my Freshman friend. Seniors are not made in a day, and this particular Senior spent many anxious hours and learned many lessons in books and out, before she reached seniorhood.

Well do I remember how she looked when she got off the train that first afternoon and looked wonderingly at the crowd before her. She carried a suit-case, a package or two and an umbrella. She had had a long, hot trip, and her neat little suit did not look quite fresh. Her eyes were rather red and she was careful not to talk much or look at anyone long.

After many weary minutes she made the proper arrangements about her baggage and took a car for the college. She could never quite remember just what she thought of the place or how she felt at first. I suspect she was not thinking of the place or the people around her, but of those she had left that morning.

Her thoughts were still far away when she gave her name to the lady in charge of the dormitory and was shown to a room. The girl who took her tried to be pleasant, but she was tired and the room was so dreary. There was so much noise and so many girls, but none about whom she cared. How could she stand it! She fell down on the bed and cried a little. Then she sat up, took herself to task for being silly and dried her eyes. Next she went out to search for water, and got ready for supper.

At breakfast the newness had begun to wear away. She had made a dozen acquaintances and was ready to become satisfied with her surroundings. Examinations, getting programs arranged, meeting the girls, and thinking of home filled the first few days, and our Freshman was quite contented until a rainy Sunday came and plunged her into the depths of homesickness again. One thing puzzled her, however. No one seemed to think that there was any difference in her and

the other girls. She would not have mentioned it for anything, but one of the first hard lessons she learned was that she was one of many and everything was not arranged for her alone. She had never known so many girls, and it took some time for her to become one of them.

Of course, she joined all the organizations, and took a reasonable amount of interest in them. but the events that made the most lasting impression on her mind were initiation, a Thanksgiving german, and a certain midnight feast. The memory of this last is particularly vivid because the skirt of her kimona was caught in her door just as a teacher turned the corner. All her companions were not so lucky.

For about two weeks before final examinations our Freshman put "No Admittance" on her door, denied herself all social intercourse, missed about half her meals, became pale and thin, but finally emerged a Freshman no longer, but a Sophomore. The first process in the making of a Senior was completed.





State Normal Magazine

Published every two months, from September to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Cornelian and Adelpian Literary Societies, under the direction of an Advisory Committee, chosen from the Faculty.

TERMS: Fifty cents a year in advance. Single copies, fifteen cents.

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Vol. XII

NOVEMBER, 1907

No. 1

Mrs. Annie G. Randall

Those of us who worked with Mrs. Randall on the MAGAZINE staff last year, begin the new term with a sense of distinct loss. She was for many years managing editor, and when in 1906 she came back to us after an absence of several years the MAGAZINE again felt her influence. When the editors returned to college they knew in an indefinite sort of way that they were expected to publish a magazine. They met one another with the questions, "When are we going to meet?" "What are we going to do?" "Have you any ideas?" These questions and many more were decided for them by Mrs. Randall. They had regular meetings in the magazine office, and if they had no ideas they found that Mrs. Randall had

plenty. Out of her large experience and rare ability, she gave much to the college publication and its editors. Her loss is a real one, and if our magazine is not up to the usual standard, we would ask our readers to consider the fact that Mrs. Randall is not with us. In her school at Valle Crucis, or wherever she may go, we would assure her of the best wishes of the MAGAZINE.

An Appreciation

We are unwilling to let this number of the MAGAZINE go to press without some mention of the young poet whose death recently occurred. John Charles McNeill was a native of Scotland County, North Carolina. He received his education largely in this State, and it was here that his literary efforts were completed. At one time he read law, but his poetic temperament was unsuited to the bar, and he found more congenial employment with the Charlotte Observer. This paper furnished a medium for the expression of many of his happy thoughts and beautiful poems. We cannot but feel sad that a career so promising should be so short. Mr. McNeill's friends and acquaintances will miss his magnetic personality; his readers will lament the fact that he writes no more. But his memory will live, and the little volume of "Songs, Merry and Sad" will become dearer to many who feel the loss of North Carolina's gifted son.

A Word about the Prizes

We would like to call the attention of the students to the fact that the two literary societies have offered prizes for the best poem, piece of fiction, and essay written for the MAGAZINE. The contest is open to all the students, and we hope many will avail themselves of the opportunity of writing for the MAGAZINE. The societies and indeed all connected with the college are anxious to make our publication as good as possible. We wish also to make the girls feel that it is their magazine, not the editors'. We hope that in the future we shall not have to ask for contributions, but that they will be sent to us.



Among Ourselves

JEAN BOOTH

Prominent among the several interesting events that have occurred at the college since the opening is a visit from the United Daughters of the Confederacy. On the afternoon of October 11th a number of leading women of the State met in the auditorium of the Students' Building, where they entertained the students with several interesting addresses. Among the speakers were Mrs. Faison, of Charlotte, President of the Convention; Mrs. Williams, of Newton, Secretary; Mrs. Dalton, of Greensboro, President of the Guilford Chapter. The guest of honor was Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, who made a charming talk. Many of us were pleased at the opportunity of hearing the nation's hero. After the exercises in the auditorium a social hour was pleasantly spent in the dining-room.

Another distinguished statesman who has recently visited us is Hon. William Jennings Bryan. The student body and the faculty listened with intense interest as he spoke in feeling terms of his friend, Dr. Chas. D. McIver. He gave one of the most inspiring talks that we have ever heard. One incident of the afternoon was so amusing, we cannot resist the temptation to repeat it. During his remarks Mr. Bryan referred to the ignorance existing in some of the countries through which he had recently traveled. On one occasion a man was arrested because in his room was found a scrap of paper containing an extract from a speech that seemed to set forth rebellious doctrines. So strict was the government inspection of printed matter that the man was released only upon proving that a friend had sent him the paper because on the other side was a prescription for a hair restorative. The bald head of the man aided in securing his pardon. At this point Mr.

Bryan looked significantly at Governor Glenn, who was seated behind him. A general laugh followed.

When Gov. Glenn rose to speak he referred to the biblical story of the children who laughed at the bald-headed prophet. He professed great sensitiveness concerning his own want of hair, and predicted a fate similar to that of the Bible children, for all who ridiculed him. He ended by saying that if Mr. Bryan were not careful a real bear or a "Teddy-bear" would devour him.

On the night of October 4th the Young Women's Christian Association gave a reception in the chapel of the Curry Building in honor of the new girls. The guests were received by the Cabinet and Misses Casler and Garrison, Traveling Secretaries of the Associations of North and South Carolina. After a short program refreshments were served, and the opening social event of the year was over.

The Seniors and the girls of Guilford Hall were given a very delightful afternoon a few weeks ago by Miss Boddie. She gave them a car ride to White Oak Mills and Lindley Park. All joined in saying that Miss Boddie is a lovely hostess.

On the invitation of the Cornelian Society Mrs. Robinson, President of Greensboro Female College, gave us an interesting account of her trip through Europe this summer. Mrs. Robinson was once a member of our Faculty and since leaving us for her present position she has in many ways showed her interest in our College.

An event of great importance to the girls is the holiday given in order that the students may have the opportunity of attending the Central Carolina Fair, held in this city. Many prefer a quiet day in their rooms to the noise, dust, and crowds attendant upon fairs, but a large number attended. They left the college at ten o'clock, and returned at three, declaring that they had had a "perfectly lovely time".

Y. W. C. A. Notes

WILLIE WHITE, '08

It is with great pleasure and a feeling of thankfulness that we attempt to report something of the work of the Young Women's Christian Association. Even during the summer the members of the Association were not idle. The four delegates who attended the Conference at Asheville reported a very helpful meeting, a never-to-be-forgotten experience. The Membership Committee was especially busy getting out attractive hand-books for the use of the students, writing letters of welcome to the new girls, and planning for the "Fall Campaign". These girls came back early and were quite active in their efforts to assist the new girls in getting comfortably arranged. A canvass for membership followed and as a result over two hundred new members have joined the Association.

One of the most helpful, as well as one of the most enjoyable, events that the Association has to record is the visit of our two Secretaries. Miss Casler, who has been connected with Association work in this State for several years, came October 4th and left two days later. Miss Garrison, who has recently come to us from New Jersey but who is really ours, spent ten days with us. We always look forward to a visit of the Secretaries as a time when we can clear up doubts and perplexities, receive courage and inspiration for our work, and obtain many new ideas as to how to carry on each department more effectively. All of our committees report helpful meetings with Miss Garrison and enlarged plans for the future.

Along almost all lines of work the Association is attempting greater things, and especially is this true of missionary activity. There have been held two helpful missionary services, one led by Dr. Melton Clark, of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, and the other by Miss Annie Chestnut, who is now on her way to China. These services were greatly

enjoyed, and we feel sure the missionary interest in college will continue to grow. There are five girls in college whose purpose it is to become missionaries. Over one hundred girls are enrolled in missionary study classes, and we are sure many more will join before the year is over.

The Bible Study Committee held a rally September 29th, and two weeks later the classes began, with an enrollment of three hundred. We feel that these classes are among the most helpful agencies at work in the Association. Many of them are taught by members of the Faculty and an effort has been made to obtain the best equipped students as leaders of the other classes. The courses offered are "Life of Christ", "Acts", Paul's "Epistles", and "Old Testament Studies".

Near the beginning of the year, an opening reception was given for the new girls. The chapel of the Curry Building was divested of seats, blackboards, and other things pertaining to schoolrooms, and assumed quite a different appearance when furnished with numerous rugs, rocking-chairs, cozy corners, and flowers, by the willing hands of the Social Committee. The guests were received by the Cabinet and the two visiting Secretaries, and were then presented with cards on which were written ten topics. Every girl was expected to make three minute engagements with some one to talk about each topic. The result was the sound of many voices, much laughter, and general enjoyment. A short program followed, after which refreshments were served. Many members of the Faculty and the officers of the Association of Greensboro Female College were present. The committee is planning several social affairs, and we hope they will succeed in giving to social life the place it deserves in our Association and college.

Plans are being made for the World's Week of Prayer in November, and for the Convention of the Associations of North and South Carolina, which meets at Rock Hill, S. C., November 28th to December 1st. We hope to have a large delegation. The budget for this year is larger than ever

before, and we hope to have really systematic giving throughout the year.

We are rejoicing in the new committee room, joining the Auditorium of the Student's Building, and in the sitting room on the second floor of the Spencer Building. Neither of these rooms is furnished, but Mr. Bailey, of Mocksville, has kindly offered to furnish the committee room for us, and a committee is at work on plans for a Christmas bazaar to raise money for furnishing the sitting room.

One thing that we need very much is a General Secretary. We are hoping to have one in the not very distant future. We feel that we are only beginning to touch the great work we have at college, but still all things are possible with Him in whose name all is done.



“Entirely Original”

BLANCHE M. HANES

There has been a new department added to the college recently. Miss B. says that she is taking the Freshman Course.

The stationery room had a great rush recently, on account of the generosity of the Greensboro Electric Company—giving(?) away street car tickets.

It seems that one of the questions on the English examination was: “Name several poems written by Longfellow.” Miss —— said that she could think of only one, and that was “Enoch Arden”. She must have a late edition.

The Seniors have thought of a very novel and original idea; *i. e.*, instead of getting class pins, to get nose-glasses with their initials on the bridge.

One of the girls, who had just been allowed to join the Junior Class, was not quite satisfied, and decided to attend a “called meeting” of the Senior Class to see how she would like them. Judging from her “exit” we think her decision was quickly formed, and that she is content to remain a Junior for the present.

Before a *friend* turns *brother* to a girl and wishes to speak with her over the 'phone, he had better put the girl on to the racket. What is your opinion on the subject, “Billy?”

If you want to know what “No Ad.” means, ask “Dutch”.

There is a certain Soph. in college that has not yet learned that verbs are *conjugated* and not *declined*.

Where is the new girl who wishes to know, “Who is the little girl that always carries a kodak?” If she still wishes this information, we would refer her to Dr. Gove.

Augusta L. wants to know how long one ham will last in the dining-room. Try it, and see!

The report, circulated by the old girls, about "Quiet Hour" had its effect. The occupants of No. 2 gave their room an extra cleaning, sat up in silk dresses and almost read their Bibles through—all of this with the door wide open—waiting for the teacher to pass and inspect.

The Librarian was startled one morning by an awful banging on the Library door. She went to learn the cause of this commotion, and there was Anna B—— innocently and patiently waiting to be admitted.

The twentieth century is indeed an age of progress and wonders. There is a splendid illustration of this at the college:

The Seniors of 1908 are Fresh.

The Fresh of 1908 are Seniors.

The Seniors suffer the inconveniences of pie-beds, dismantled rooms, and untimely and unheard-of shower baths, while the Fresh live an easy, contented and undisturbed life. Hence "the lack of homesickness".

We are sorry to learn that one girl is "undersided" as to how long she will remain in college.

If you will look on the Second Prep. schedule you will see that "Science" comes on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at the third period. Senior H. was assisting Fresh E. H. to arrange her programme. She told E. H. to put her Physical Geography at the above mentioned times, but Elizabeth insisted that "Science" came there.

The aim of the Cooking School at the college is two fold. First, to teach girls how to prepare food correctly. Second, to aid the housewives of the State by giving them some of the valuable points learned in the Cooking School. One of the girls who is especially interested in the last named, wishes to say that she has found the "radiator" an excellent place to keep cream sweet.

Wonder why a certain girl is taking special Domestic Science?

Freshman—to Miss Banner: “You’re an old girl, aren’t you?”

Miss B—— “Yes, why?”

Freshman—“Oh, well, all you old girls just look so homely.”

The Substance of Things Hoped For

Seniors—Money-making schemes.

Juniors—Numbers.

Sophomores—A small Freshman Class.

Dr. Gudger—An appointment with the following young ladies at the first, third, fifth or eighth periods.

Chief Marshal—A friend in town.

Business Manager of the Magazine—Advertisements.

Fun Editor—To overhear the conversation of Freshmen.

Exchange Editor—Some magazines worth reading.

Current Event Editor—Something that isn’t Ancient History.

Local Editor—Entertainments not all in a heap.

N. L. B.—Sixth grade supervising teacher.

The M. E. W.’s—A golden-haired “case”.

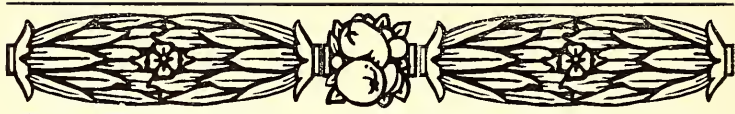
Student Body—Absence of tomatoes from the menu.

Observation Classes—Something to “put down”.

New Girls—Recovery from initiation.

Miss Mendenhall—A class that knows the meaning of ==.

Marshals—A *bell-boy*.



Current Events

The following quotation from a Northern magazine will be appreciated by every Southerner, and can be confirmed by all who have gone to the Jamestown Exposition, natural-born pessimists excepted, of course.

“Far too little has been said about the real merits of the exposition which celebrates the three-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the United States. The Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition was unfortunate in allowing itself to be seen before it was ready for inspection. It is not colossal, but it is beautiful and instructive. The region itself is full of historic and present-day interest. Norfolk, Newport News, Hampton, and Fortress Monroe are at hand; and water excursions may be made to Jamestown Island, and in every direction. * * *

“The architecture of the exposition is to the trained observer more charming than that of almost any other of a long series of expositions. If the exhibits are not of bewildering extent and variety they are at least thoroughly illustrative of recent progress.”

The unveiling of the McKinley monument at Columbus, Ohio, has brought into sudden prominence its sculptor, Hermon MacNeil. MacNeil's creations cover a wide range of subjects; but those for which he has achieved greatest fame are his studies of Indian life, and his statue of McKinley. Though he has had ample opportunity to be influenced by the art of the old world and the old times, yet “whatever he touches is in its very essence American.”

The delegates to the Peace Conference have not directed their energies to the immediate establishment of universal

peace. They realize how impossible this is for any assembly of diplomats "speaking different languages, holding different personal opinions, and some representing nations whose policies are either directly or indirectly opposed to universal peace." But they have worked effectually toward making warfare less terrible and less frequent.

Some results of this conference are, a law that war shall not begin without previous notice by the hostile party; improvements in the methods of waging war on both land and sea, among which improvements may be mentioned the regulations to the effect that "churches, monuments, hospitals and so on, when marked in a manner agreed upon, shall be spared in the bombardment of a city," and that unfortified towns shall not be bombarded at all; a determination that a "Supreme Court of the World", to which the nations may bring their troubles, shall be established; and a definite plan for the regular recurrence of the Peace Conference.

It is gratifying to us to know that the American delegation has exerted an influence toward obtaining these results, second to that of no other nation.

Ten men, selected from the Signal Corps which is stationed at Meyer, Virginia, are being trained as aeronauts for our future army balloon corps. Every effort will be made to put the United States Army on an equal footing with the French, German, and other armies which have utilized aerial navigation.

Some Republican politicians have suggested that Oklahoma be kept out of the Union until after the next presidential election so as to deprive her of the opportunity of voting. Our president does not "think that way", and so Oklahoma and the Democracy will be given a fair chance.

Messrs. Taft, Root, and Roosevelt have all gone visiting. Taft has been convincing the people of Japan that the "war-talk is due entirely to newspapers which seek to increase their sale thus, but America's good-will toward Japan is as warm as ever." Root has been busy dispelling the slight misunder-

standing with the Mexicans, caused by a suggestion made at the Hague Conference to the effect that the greater powers should have more influence than the smaller ones in the constitution of arbitral tribunals. And the president has been exercising his diplomatic powers in the Mississippi Valley.

The object of the President's trip down the Mississippi River is to make investigations as to the feasibility of a deep waterway for freight from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. This subject of deep waterways is of great industrial importance. And the trip of the President and Governors of the Mississippi States will bring the subject before the minds of those who influence legislation and public opinion.

“From 1881 to 1905 there have been 36,759 strikes, and 1,546 lockouts in the United States, involving 199,954 establishments, and throwing 9,529,434 people out of work.”

Miss Anna T. Jeans has willed her estate to Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, on condition that it abandon intercollegiate athletics. Some say the college would do wrong to comply with this condition. Others say that the experiment of abolishing intercollegiate athletics ought to be tried, and under such circumstances Swarthmore should take the lead. No decision has been made.





Our Exchanges

RENA LASSITER

Naturally when the new editors begin work in the fall they are anxious to make the magazine better than it has ever been before. They begin getting material and subscriptions with a great deal of enthusiasm. But the work of getting out a magazine is greater than the new editors imagine. Time comes for the first issue. It would be dreadful for it to be late. The editors have an important meeting, hastily collect all the material they can find, send it to the printers with an editorial or two on the necessity of supporting the college publication, college spirit, or local improvements. The first issue goes to press.

Have we said more than Exchange editors should? We read several "first issues", and our imagination did the rest. Some of the numbers we have received are good; others show signs of hasty compilation, or use of old material, such as commencement orations or debates.

We will look more closely at some of our exchanges for this month.

The Guilford Collegian comes to us in its same red and gray, though its contents are not so numerous as usual. To us the most interesting articles are "A Farewell" and "Guilford Reminiscences". The spirit of the peaceful old days of twenty years ago is so evident in them both. The discussion of the "Interparliamentary Union and Its Work" is worthy of special commendation. The Editorial Department is not so full as it might be, and a well-balanced magazine should contain more fiction.

The Erskinian shows some signs of hasty preparation, but we feel sure that the succeeding numbers will be more interest-

ing. "Have a Purpose" contains some good thoughts, but fails to present anything new, or anything from a new standpoint. "The Freshman's Dream" is the wish of a freshman to be a sophomore in order to retaliate for the hazing he has received. Is it quite just to accuse the sophomores of doing all the mischievous, disorderly things in college? We know their reputation, but is it correct? We have always been somewhat inclined to defend the sophomores, and to call attention to the fact that the upper classes mould the policy of the student body. "The French Revolution", a subject about which volumes have been written, is too big to be treated in four pages.

We acknowledge the receipt of Red and White, Western Maryland College Monthly, University of North Carolina Magazine, Davidson College Magazine.





Alumnae Notes

The McIver Loan Fund

ETTA E. SPENCER

The Alumnae Association has undertaken for its special work and as a tribute to our late President, Charles D. McIver, the raising of a magnificent sum to be used as a loan fund.

We desire this fund to be of such splendid proportions that it will be a credit to the association and a great influence in the State. It was by unanimous accord that the alumnae voted this form of memorial to their beloved leader. What more fitting tribute could possibly be paid Dr. McIver than continuing the work he so gloriously began; to show the world, though he is dead, his spirit still lives in us his disciples, who would pass this, his spirit of helpfulness, down to other generations?

To make this work possible, at commencement the Alumnae Association opened its doors and now any one who has matriculated at the college is eligible to membership. This was done especially to simplify matters and do away with "The Former Students' Association." The membership fee is a dollar a year, and the president and secretary must be graduates from the college.

Recognizing that the success of the Association would lie in thorough organization, we decided to send field secretaries out into the State to help organize the County Alumnae Associations.

For six weeks this past summer it was my privilege to do this work in Western Carolina. Believing it will prove interesting to those in other sections, and because it warmed my heart and made me proud to see wherever I went the loyalty and love for our college and Dr. McIver, I am going to tell you briefly of my work.

The people in Salisbury, the first place into which I went, were delightfully cordial, interested and encouraging. In fact this was almost without exception the attitude of every body everywhere, when they understand the purpose of our county organizations.

People were quick to see and appreciate the appropriateness of our memorial; also that each county would be personally benefited by assisting in such philanthropic work. No better possible investment could be made than the investment of money in the womanhood of the State. The money is to be used as a Loan Fund, the interest to commence only after the borrower leaves school. Thus the fund will perpetuate itself, and be in truth a living memorial to him who labored so unselfishly for the education of woman, and through her the children of the State.

I visited twelve counties, forming an Alumnae Association in each. These counties visited were Rowan, Iredell, Catawba, Burke, Buncombe, Henderson, Transylvania, Cleveland, Lincoln, Gaston, Mecklenburg, and Cabarrus. Cordial, sympathetic, enthusiastic and generous were the alumnae and other citizens.

From these counties the aggregate amount pledged was \$5000, this sum to be paid in two years' time.

With such hearty support from only a small portion of the State we feel confident that "The McIver Loan Fund" is already assured.

I wish time and space would permit the relating of many interesting instances that occurred at these county meetings. How the "old girls" took pride in telling of their gratitude and love to the college and reverence to the memory of Dr. McIver!

One meeting was especially interesting when a member of the last and one of the first graduating classes each gave their experiences.

These and many other experiences but emphasized the lessons to be learned from the life and work of such a man as Charles D. McIver.

Alumnae and Former Students

LOLA LASLEY

Grace White is teaching at Chadbourn.

Kate Chadwick is now Mrs. Winnie Jordan, Kinston.

Rachael Petty is stenographer for Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson.

Louise Huske has a position with the Fayetteville National Bank.

Kate Bowling is a student at the Southern Conservatory of Music.

Margaret Horsfield, of the class of 1906, is teaching at Wilmington.

Martha Allen and Nannie LaRoque are students at Converse College.

Eunice Roberts is teaching mathematics in the East Durham High School.

Ione Scott has a position as stenographer with the Scott-Mebane Manufacturing Company at Graham.

The Class of 1907

Mamie Toler is teaching at Fremont.

Clare Case is teaching at High Point.

Mary Thorp is at her home, Rocky Mount.

Elizabeth LeGwin is teaching at Wilmington.

Mary Reid is teaching the third grade at High Point.

Elinor Murr is teaching the second grade at Statesville.

Nell Armfield and Janet Crump are teaching at Salisbury.

Mary Carter and Kate Huske are teaching at Winston-Salem.

Mary Lovelace is teaching music in the Graded School at Wilson.

Lulie Whitaker is teaching the fifth grade at Pomona, near Greensboro.

Iola White is teaching the fifth grade in the Burlington Graded School.

Flora Thornton is teaching the first grade in the Wilson Graded School.

Mattie Kate Shaw is teaching the fifth grade at Graham.

Mary Hyman is teaching the second grade at the Dunn Graded School.

Majorie Kennedy is teaching vocal music in the Greensboro Graded Schools.

Blanche Austin is teaching the first grade in the Thomasville Graded School.

Eleanore Elliott is at the head of the Latin Department in the Graded School at Graham.

Mary Robinson is assisting Dr. Gudger in the Department of Science at the State Normal and Industrial College.



ORGANIZATIONS



Marshals

Chief—Ethel Lee Brown, Edgecombe County

Assistants

Adelprians

Blanche HanesDavie County
Sallie Slocumb Smith.....Harnett County
Mary WilliamsIredell County
Jessie SmoakWayne County
Florence LandisGranville County

Cornelians

Nemmie Paris.....Nash County
Nettie RudisillCleveland County
Rena Gray Lassiter.....Wake County
Mary Baldwin Mitchell,
New Hanover County
Paulina HassellChowan County

Senior Class

Rena LassiterPresident	Elvira FoustSecretary
Alice FlintoffVice-President	Mary FitzgeraldTreasurer

Junior Class

Fleida JohnsonPresident	Velna PopeTreasurer
Paulina HassellVice-President	Claude UmpsteadSecretary
Edna DukeCritic	

Sophomore Class

Clyde StancillPresident	Margaret JohnSecretary
Belle HicksVice-President	Clara LambeTreasurer

Freshman Class

Not organized

Young Women's Christian Association

Rena LassiterPresident	Bessie IvesSecretary
Ethel BrownVice-President	Mary WilliamsTreasurer

Athletic Association

Mary WilliamsPresident	Clyde Stancill,
Nettie Rudisill.Vice-President, Senior	Vice-President, Sophomore
Florence Landis,	Mary MitchellSecretary
Vice-President, Junior	Hal MorrisonTreasurer

Shoes for College Wear



SHOULD be stylish to begin with, but there are other features which the college girl is not apt to overlook. Service, for walking exercise requires the right quality to withstand it: and then, just the slightest trace of "mannishness" in cut and contour, to secure that touch of collegeism which is one of the very essential and becoming features of student attire. We can furnish you with just such shoes as these and with them, the unqualified *Hendrix* guarantee of excellence.

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